THE State of Innocence, AND Fall of MAN: AN OPERA.

Written in Heroick VERSE; and Dedicated to Her Royal HIGHNESS THE DUTCHESS.

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

——————Utinam modo dicere possem
Carmina digna Deâ: Certe est Dea Carmine digna. Ovid. Metam.

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MADAM,

AMBITION is ſo far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for them to ſucceed without it. Imagination muſt be rais'd by a deſire of Fame, to a deſire of Pleaſing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd moſt to pleaſe, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they ſacrifice, and Greatneſs is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both theſe are ſo eminently joyn'd in the Perſon of Your Royal Highneſs, that it were not eaſie for any but a Poet, to determine which of them out-ſhines the other. But, I confeſs, Madam, I am already byaſs'd in my Choice: I can eaſily reſign to others the Praiſe of Your Illuſtrious Family, and that Glory which you derive from a long continued Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in Peace and War: I can give up to the Hiſtorians of Your Country, the Names of ſo many Generals and Heroes which croud their Annals; and to our own, the Hopes of thoſe which You are to produce for the *Britiſh* Chronicle. I can yield, without envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Family of *Eſte*, to which *Arioſto* and *Taſſo* have own'd their Patronage; and to which the World has ow'd their Poems. But I could not, without extream reluctance, reſign the Theme of Your Beauty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam, to acquaint the World that I am jealous of this Subject; and let it be no Diſhonour to You, that after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind, You have inſpir'd one Man to give it voice. But with whatſoever Vanity this new Honour of being Your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confeſs my ſelf too weak for the Inſpiration; the Prieſt was always unequal to the Oracle: The God within him was too mighty for his Breaſt. He labour'd with the Sacred Revelation, and there was more of the Myſtery left behind, than Divinity it ſelf could enable him to expreſs.

I can but diſcover a part of Your Excellencies to the World; and that too according to the meaſure of my own Weakneſs. Like thoſe who have ſurvey'd the Moon by Glaſſes, I can only tell of a new and ſhining World above us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I have already wav'd the Subject of Your Greatneſs, to reſign my ſelf to the Contemplation of what is more peculiarly Yours. Greatneſs is indeed communicated to ſome few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow compaſs: 'Tis only in Your Sex; 'tis not ſhar'd by many; and its Supreme Perfection is in You alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot flatter. You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind; for all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently beſt. The Prize of Beauty was diſputed only till You were ſeen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims: There is no Competition but for the Second Place. Even the faireſt of our Iſland (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cauſe againſt You, to the Suffrage of thoſe who moſt partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Juſtice to ſo much Excellence, in ſetting it ſo high to publick View; or rather Providence has done Juſtice to it ſelf, in placing the moſt perfect Workmanſhip of Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been ſeated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted ſo much of his Praiſe, as he had made Your Condition more obſcure. But he has plac'd You ſo near a Crown, that You add a Luſtre to it by Your Beauty. You are joyn'd to a Prince who only could deſerve You; whoſe Conduct, Courage, and Succeſs in War, whoſe Fidelity to His Royal Brother, whoſe Love for His Country, whoſe Conſtancy to His Freinds, whoſe Bounty to His Servants, whoſe Juſtice to Merit, whoſe Inviolable Truth, and whoſe Magnanimity in all his Actions, ſeem to have been rewarded by Heaven, by the Gift of You. You are never ſeen, but You are bleſt; and I am ſure You bleſs all thoſe who ſee You. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold You: And You are ſo much the Buſineſs of our Souls, that while You are in ſight, we can neither look nor think on any elſe. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are preſent, and the reſt of Your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill your Triumph. Our Sight is ſo intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leiſure even to praiſe You; for Language ſeems too low a thing to expreſs Your Excellence; and our Souls are ſpeaking ſo much within, that they deſpiſe all foreign Converſation. Every Man, even the dulleſt, is thinking more than the moſt Eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, Madam, in the midſt of Crowds, You reign in Solitude; and are ador'd with the deepeſt Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, You are above all mortal Wiſhes; no Man deſires Impoſſibilities, becauſe

Becauſe they are beyond the reach of Nature. To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madneſs; but by the Laws of our Creation, we are oblig'd to adore Him; and are permitted to love Him too, at humane diſtance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It ſtrikes an Impreſſion of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Paſſion: 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorites find in Prayer, when a Beam of the Divinity ſhines upon them; that which makes them deſpiſe all worldly Objects; and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are ſeldom viſited from above; but a ſingle Viſion ſo tranſports them, that it makes up the Happineſs of their Lives. Mortality cannot bear it often: It finds them in the eagerneſs and heighth of their Devotion; they are ſpeechleſs for the time that it continues, and proſtrate and dead when it departs. The Ecſtaſie had needs be ſtrong, which, without any end, but that of Admiration, has power enough to deſtroy all other Paſſions. You render Mankind inſenſible to other Beauties; and have deſtroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the ſeat of his Dominion. You have ſubverted (may I dare to accuſe You of it) even our Fundamental Laws, and reign abſolute over the Hearts of a ſtubborn and free-born People, tenacious almoſt to Madneſs of their Liberty. The brighteſt and moſt victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects; if they may be ſaid to be revolted whoſe Servitude is not accepted; for Your Royal Highneſs is too great and too Juſt a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if ſome few among the Multitude continue ſtedfaſt to the firſt Pretenſions, 'tis an Obedience ſo lukewarm and languiſhing, that it merits not the Name of Paſſion: Their Addreſſes are ſo faint, and their Vows ſo hollow to their Sovereigns, that they ſeem only to maintain their Faith out of a Senſe of Honour: They are aſham'd to deſiſt, and yet grow careleſs to obtain: Like deſpairing Combatants they ſtrive againſt You, as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of your *Arioſto*, which dazled the Beholders with too much Brightneſs; they can no longer hold up their Arms, they have read their Deſtiny in Your Eyes.

Splende lo Scudo, a guiſa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non è tanto lucente:
Cader in terra a lo ſplendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e ſeza mente.

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my ſelf the Power to leave this Argument of Your Incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppreſs me with its Greatneſs. For Your conjugal Virtues have deſerv'd to be ſet as an Example to a leſs degenerate, leſs tainted Age. They approach ſo near to Singularity in ours, that

that I can scarcely make a Panegyrick to Your Royal Highness, without a Satyr on many others: But Your Person is a Paradise, and Your Soul a Cherubin within to guard it. If the Excellency of the out-side invite the Beholders, the Majesty of Your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches, and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by You in the Softer Sex; as if Men were of too course a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be cast to likeness in so harsh a Metal. Your Person is so admirable, that it can scarce receive Addition when it shall be glorify'd; and your Soul, which shines through it, finds it of a Substance so near her own, that she will be pleas'd to pass an Age within it, and to be confin'd to such a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought and purpos'd to have celebrated those Endowments and Qualities of Your Mind, which were sufficient, even without the Graces of the Person, to render You, as You are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to three Kingdoms. But all my Praises are but as a Bull-rush cast upon a Stream; if they sink not, 'tis because they are born up by the strength of the Current, which supports their lightness; but they are carried round again, and return on the Eddy where they first began. I can proceed no farther than Your Beauty; and even on that too, I have said so little, considering the Greatness of the Subject, that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praise falls back, by the Weakness of the Delivery, or stays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is lost on the other side. I intended this a Dedication; but how can I consider what belongs to my self, when I have been so long contemplating on You! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this *POEM*, without intituling so much Excellency as Yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of so mean a Writer; and instead of being favourable to the Piece, which merits nothing, forgive the Presumption of the Author; who is, with all possible Veneration,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most Obedient,

Most Humble,

Most devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

To Mr. DRYDEN, *on his* POEM *of*

PARADISE.

FOrgive me, awful Poet, if a Muſe,
Whom Artleſs Nature did for plainneſs chuſe,
In looſe Attire preſents her humble Thought
Of this beſt *Poem*, that you ever wrought,
This faireſt Labour of your teeming Brain,
I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry ſtain;
Something I wou'd to your vaſt Virtue raiſe,
But ſcorn to dawb it with a fulſome Praiſe;
That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,
And ſhew a Court-Admirer, not a Friend.
To the dead Bard your Fame a little owes,
For *Milton* did the wealthy Mine diſcloſe,
And rudely caſt what you could well diſpoſe:
He roughly drew on an old-faſhion'd Ground,
A Chaos; for no perfect World was found,
Till through the Heap your mighty Genius ſhin'd;
His was the Golden Ore, which you refin'd.
He firſt beheld the Beauteous ruſtick Maid,
And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;
You took her thence, to Court this Virgin brought,
Dreſt her with Gems, new weav'd her hard-ſpun Thought,
And ſofteſt Language, ſweeteſt Manners taught.
Till from a Comet ſhe a Star did riſe,
Not to affright, but pleaſe our wond'ring Eyes.
Betwixt ye both is fram'd a Nobler Piece,
Than e'er was drawn in *Italy* or *Greece*.
Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls doſt bring,
As ſmiling Gods from ſullen *Saturn* ſpring.
When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heav'n does wear,
'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,

Which

Which serves the dreadful Shadows to display,
That vanish at the rising of the Day;
But then Bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,
And the World looks as it were newly born.
So when your Sense his Mystick Reason clear'd,
The Melancholly Scene all Gay appear'd;
New Light leapt up, and a new Glory smil'd,
And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.
Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,
Which various Fancy did so gawdy gild,
And Judgment has with solid Riches fill'd,
My humbler Muse begs she may Centry stand,
Amongst the rest that guard this *Eden* Land.
But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conspire
Thy Praise; and hating thee, thy Work admire.
On then, O mighty'st of th' inspired Men,
Monarch of Verse, new Themes employ thy Pen;
The Troubles of Majestick *CHARLES* set down,
Not *David* vanquish'd more to reach a Crown.
Praise Him, as *Cowley* did that *Hebrew* King,
Thy Theme's as great, do thou as greatly sing.
Then thou may'st boldly to his Favour rise,
Look down, and the base Serpent's Hiss despise:
From thund'ring Envy safe in Lawrel sit,
While clam'rous Criticks their Vile Heads submit,
Condemn'd for Treason at the Bar of Wit.

Nath. Lee.

The Author's Apology for Heroick Poetry, and Poetick Licence.

To satisfie the Curiosity of those who will give themselves the trouble of reading the ensuing POEM, *I think my self obliged to render them a Reason, why I publish an* OPERA *which was never acted. In the first place, I shall not be asham'd to own, That my chiefest Motive, was the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epistle. I was desirous to lay at the Feet of so Beautiful and Excellent a Princess, a Work, which, I confess, was unworthy Her; but which I hope She will have the Goodness to forgive. I was also induc'd to it in my own defence, many hundred Copies of it being dispers'd abroad, without my Knowledge or Consent; so that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel against me; and I saw, with some disdain, more Nonsense than either I, or as bad a Poet could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning; in which time, 'twas wholly written, and not since revis'd. After this, I cannot, without Injury to the deceas'd Author of* Paradise Lost, *but acknowledge that this* POEM *has receiv'd its entire Foundation, part of the Design, and many of the Ornaments from him. What I have borrow'd, will be so easily discern'd from my mean Productions, that I shall not need to point the* Reader *to the Places: And, truly, I should be sorry, for my own sake, that any one should take the pains to compare them together, the Original being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime* POEMS, *which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And tho' I could not refuse the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleas'd to commend me in his Verses, I hope they will rather be esteem'd the effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and sober Judgment. His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleases: Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will bear of his Kindness from many of our Contemporaries: For we are fallen into an Age of Illiterate, Censorious, and Detracting People; who thus qualify'd, set up for Criticks.*

In the first place, I must take leave to tell them, that they wholly mistake the nature of Criticism, who think its Business is principally to find fault. Criticism, as 'twas first instituted by Aristotle, *was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefest part of which, is to observe those Excellencies which should delight a reasonable* Reader. *If the Design, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expressions of a* Poem, *be generally such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry. The Critick ought to pass his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious and unmanly to quarle at*

at the little lapses of a Pen, from which Virgil *himself stands not exempted.* Horace *acknowledges that honest* Homer *nods sometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it also as a standing Measure for our Judgments.*

—Non, Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.——

And Longinus, *who was undoubtedly, after* Aristotle, *the greatest Critick among the* Greeks, *in his twenty seventh Chapter* περὶ ὕψους, *has judiciously preferr'd the sublime Genius that sometimes errs, to the midling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but seldom or never rises to any Excellence. He compares the first to a Man of large Possessions, who has not leisure to consider of every slight Expence, will not debase himself to the management of every Trifle: Particular Sums are not laid out or spar'd to the greatest Advantage in his Oeconomy; but are sometimes suffer'd to run to waste, while he is only careful of the Main. On the other side, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream frugality, or rather parsimony; but who, with fear of running into profuseness, never arrives to the magnificence of living. This kind of Genius writes, indeed, correctly: A wary Man he is in Grammar; very nice as to Solœcism or Barbarism, judges to a hair of little Decencies, knows better than any Man what is not to be written, and never hazards himself so far as to fall; but plods on deliberately, and, as a grave Man ought, is sure to put his Staff before him: In short, he sets his Heart upon it, and with wonderful care makes his Business sure; that is, in plain* English, *neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd —— I could, saith my Author, find out some Blemishes in* Homer; *and am, perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be disgusted at a Fault as another Man. But, after all, to speak impartially, his Failings are such, as are only Marks of humane Frailty; they are little Mistakes, or rather Negligences, which have escap'd his Pen in the fervour of his writing; the sublimity of his Spirit carries it with me, against his carelessness: And though* Apollonius *his* Argonautes, *and* Theocritus *his* Eidullia, *are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of so false a Judgment, who would chuse rather to have been* Apollonius *or* Theocritus, *than* Homer.

'Tis worth our consideration, a little to examine how much these Hypercriticks *of* English *Poetry, differ from the Opinion of the* Greek *and* Latin *Judges of Antiquity, from the* Italians *and* French *who have succeeded them; and, indeed, from the general Taste and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they contemn, has ever been esteem'd, and ever will be, the greatest Work of Humane Nature; in that rank has* Aristotle *plac'd it, and* Longinus *is so full of the like Expressions, that he abundantly confirms the others Testimony.* Horace *as plainly delivers his Opinion, and particularly praises* Homer *in these Verses;*

Trojani

Trojani Belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi;
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

And in another place, modestly excluding himself from the number of Poets, because he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is such an one,

——Cui mens Divinior atque os,
magna sonaturum.

Quotations are superfluous in an establish'd Truth, otherwise I could reckon up amongst the Moderns, all the Italian *Commentators on* Aristotle's *Book of Poetry; amongst the* French, *the greatest in this Age,* Boileau *and* Rapin; *the latter of which is alone sufficient, were all other Criticks lost, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will seriously consider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that of Poetry in general, which is to instruct and to delight; what Actions it describes, and what Persons they are chiefly whom it informs, will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the attempt, but admirable when 'tis well performed. I write not this with the least intention to undervalue the other parts of Poetry; for Comedy is both excellently instructive, and extreamly pleasant: Satyr lashes Vice into Reformation, and Humour represents Folly so as to render it ridiculous. Many of our present Writers are eminent in both these kinds; and particularly the Author of the* Plain-Dealer, *whom I am proud to call my Friend, has oblig'd all honest and virtuous Men, by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful Satyrs which has ever been presented on the English Theatre. I do not dispute the preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his taste; but 'tis unjust that they who have not the least notion of Heroick writing, should therefore condemn the pleasure which others receive from it, because they cannot comprehend it. Let them please their Appetites in eating what they like; but let them not force their Dish on all the Table. They who would combat general Authority with particular Opinion, must first establish themselves a Reputation of understanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poetry to be concluded bombast, unnatural, and meer madness, because they are not affected with their Excellencies? 'Tis just as reasonable as to conclude there is no Day, because a blind Man cannot distinguish of Light and Colours; ought they not rather in modesty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expression in* Homer, Virgil, Tasso, *or* Milton's Paradise, *to be too far strain'd, than positively to conclude, that 'tis all Fustian and meer Nonsense? 'Tis true, there are limits to be set betwixt the boldness and rashness of a Poet; but he must understand those limits who pretends to judge, as well as he who undertakes to write; and he who has no liking to the whole, ought in reason to be excluded from censuring of the Parts. He must be a Lawyer, before he mounts the Tribunal; and the Judicature of one Court*

too, does not qualifie a Man to preside in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the Chancery, *who is not fit to rule the* Common-Pleas. *But I will presume for once to tell them, that the boldest strokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd Artfully, are those which most delight the* Reader.

Virgil *and* Horace, *the severest Writers of the severest Age, have made frequent use of the hardest Metaphors, and of the strongest Hyperboles: And in this case the best Authority is the best Argument. For generally to have pleas'd, through all Ages, must bear the force of Universal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to Right Reason, you will gain no more by it in effect, than first, to set up your Reason against those Authors; and secondly, against all those who have admir'd them. You must prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the most Learned, and the most Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you must first put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply than they have done, into the Causes and Resorts of that which moves Pleasure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard: But those Springs of Humane Nature, are not so easily discover'd by every superficial Judge: It requires Philosophy as well as Poetry, to sound the depth of all the Passions; what they are in themselves, and how they are to be provok'd; and in this Science the best Poets have excell'd.* Aristotle *rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from observations of those things, in which* Euripides, Sophocles, *and* Æschylus *pleas'd: He considered how they rais'd the Passions, and thence has drawn Rules for our Imitation. From hence have sprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who first practis'd them, and succeeded in them: Thus I grant you, that the knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule, and that all Poets ought to study her, as well as* Aristotle *and* Horace *her Interpreters. But then this also undeniably follows, That those things which delight all Ages, must have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art; therefore the Names of so many Tropes and Figures were invented, because it was observ'd they had such and such an Effect upon the Audience. Therefore* Catachreses *and* Hyperboles *have found their place amongst them; not that they are to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciously, and plac'd in Poetry, as brightnings and shadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and cause it to stand off to sight.*

——Nec retia Cervis
Ulla, dolum meditantur, *says* Virgil *in his* Eclogues: *And speaking of* Leander *in his* Georgicks,

Cæca nocte natat serus freta, quem super, ingens
Porta tonat Cœli; & scopulis illisa reclamant
Æquora:——

In both of these you see he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

Will you arraign your Master Horace, *for his hardness of Expression, when he describes the Death of* Cleopatra? *and says she did* Aspera

tractare

tractare serpentes, ut atrum corpore combiberet venenum? *because the Body in that Action performs what is proper to the Mouth.*

As for Hyperboles, *I will neither quote* Lucan, *nor* Statius, *Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poize of Judgment. The Divine* Virgil *was not liable to that exception; and yet he describes* Polyphemus *thus:*

——— Graditurque per æquor
Jam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

In imitation of this place, our admirable Cowley *thus paints* Goliah.

The Valley, now, this Monster seem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.

Where the two Words Seem'd *and* Methought, *have mollified the Figure; and yet if they had not been there, the fright of the* Israelites *might have excused their belief of the Giant's Stature.*

In the eighth of the Æneids, Virgil *paints the Swiftness of* Camilla *thus:*

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas;
Vel Mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

You are not oblig'd, as in History, to a literal Belief of what the Poet says: but you are pleas'd with the Image, without being cozen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in History, Longinus *quotes* Herodotus *on this occasion of* Hyperboles. *The* Lacedemonians, *says he, at the Straits of* Thermopylæ, *defended themselves to the last Extremity; and when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth; till at length (the* Persians *shooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reasonable,* (*continues the* Critick) *to believe that Men could defend themselves with their Nails and Teeth from an armed multitude; nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows: and yet there wants not probability for the Figure, because the* Hyperbole *seems not to have been made for the sake of the Description, but rather to have been produc'd from the occasion.*

Tis true, the boldness of the Figures are to be hidden sometimes by the address of the Poet, that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without discovering the Art which caus'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Passion; when we speak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi; *the Poet must put on the Passion he endeavours to represent. A Man in such an occasion is not cool enough, either to reason rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggravations are then in their proper Places; Interrogations, Exclamations, Hyperbata, or a disorder'd connexion of Discourse, are graceful there, because they are Natural. The sum of all depends on what before I hinted, that this boldness of Expression is not to be blam'd; if it be manag'd by the Coolness and Discretion which is necessary to a Poet.*

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how disingenuous our Adversaries appear: All that is dull, insipid, languishing, and without Sinews in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature. They only offend our most equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution are never to be forgiven.

What Fustian, as they call it, have I heard these Gentlemen find out in Mr. Cowley's *Odes? I acknowledge my self unworthy to defend so excellent an Author: Neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will say, That nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the Strength of those Images which they condemn.*

Imaging is, in it self, the very heighth and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as Longinus *describes it, a Discourse, which by a kind of Enthusiasm, or extraordinary emotion of the Soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the Poet paints so as to be pleas'd with them, and to admire 'em.*

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it must needs be best, which describes most lively our Actions and Passions, our Virtues and our Vices, our Follies and our Humours; for neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging; and they who do it best, are certainly the most excellent in their kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be denied. But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaurs and Chimæra's, or how are Angels and Immaterial Substances to be imagied; which, some of them, are things quit out of Nature; others, such whereof we can have no notion? This is the last refuge of our Adversaries, and more than any of them have yet had the wit to object against us. The Answer is easie to the first part of it. The Fiction of some beings which are not in Nature, (second Notions as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the conjunction of two Natures, which have a real separate Being. So Hippocentaurs *were imag'd by joyning the Natures of a Man and Horse together; as* Lucretius *tells us, who has us'd this word of Image oftner than any of the Poets.*

Nam certe ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animai:
Verum ubi equi atque hominis, causa, convenit Imago,
Hæresci facile exemplo, &c.

The same reason may also be alledged for Chimæra's *and the rest. And Poets may be allow'd the like Liberty, for describing things which really exist not, if they are founded on popular Belief. Of this Nature are Fairies, Pigmies, and the extraordinary Effects of Magick. For 'tis still an Imitation, tho' of other Men's Fancies; and thus are* Shakespear's Tempest, *his* Midsummer Nights Dream, *and* Ben. Johnson's Mask of Witches, *to be defended. For Immaterial Substances we are authoris'd by Scripture in their description; and herein the Text accommodates it self to vulgar Apprehension, in giving Angels the likeness of beautiful young Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity, has* Homer *drawn his Gods with humane Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by describing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.*

I wish

I wish I could produce any one Example of excellent Imaging in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot; but that which comes nearest it, is in these four Lines, which have been sufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Censors.

Seraph and *Cherub*, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large.
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky;
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujah's lie.

I have heard (says one of them) of Anchovies dissolv'd in Sauce, but never of an Angel in Hallelujah's. *A mighty Witticism! (if you will pardon a new Word) but there is some difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have burlesqu'd* Virgil *too, from whom I took the Image:* Invadunt Urbem, somno vinoq; sepultam. *A City's being buried, is just as proper on occasion, as an Angel's being dissolv'd in Ease, and Songs of Triumph. Mr.* Cowley *lies as open too in many places:*

Where their vast Courts the Mother-Waters keep, &c. *For if the Mass of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters the little Streams, are bound in all good manners, to make Curt'sie to them, and ask them Blessing. How easie 'tis to turn into ridicule the best Descriptions, when once a Man is in the humour of laughing, till he wheezes at his own dul Jest: But an Image which is strongly and beautifully set before the Eyes of the* Reader, *will still be Poetry when the merry Fit is over; and last when the other is forgotten.*

I promis'd to say somewhat of Poetick Licence, *but have in part anticipated my Discourse already.* Poetick Licence, *I take to be the Liberty which Poets have assum'd to themselves in all Ages, of speaking things in Verse, which are beyond the severity of Prose. 'Tis that particular character, which distinguishes and sets the bounds betwixt* Oratio soluta *and* Poetry. *This, as to what regards the Thought, or Imagination of a Poet, consists in Fiction; but then those Thoughts must be express'd: and here arise two other branches of it: For if this* Licence *be included in a single word, it admits of Tropes; if in a Sentence or Proposition, of Figures: Both which, are of a much larger extent, and more forcibly to be us'd in Verse than Prose. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Fore-fathers, even from* Homer *down to* Ben. *And they who would deny it to us, have, in plain terms, the Foxes Quarrel to the Grapes, they cannot reach it.*

How far these Liberties are to be extended, I will not presume to determine here, since Horace *does not. But it is certain, that they are to be varied according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a* Grecian *Poet,* Martial *tells you, would not be suffer'd in a* Roman. *And 'tis evident, that the* English *does more nearly follow the strictness of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connection of Epithetes, or the conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the Greek, which yet Sir* Philip Sydney, *and the Translator of* Du Bartas, *have unluckily attempted in the English; tho' this, I confess, is not so proper an Instance of* Poetick Licence, *as it is of variety of* Idiom *in Languages.*

Horace

Horace *a little explains himself on this Subject of* Licentia Poetica, *in Verses:*

——————Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas:
Sed non, ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes Avibus geminentur, Tygribus Hœdi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece; not to begin one thing, and end with another: He restrains it so far, that thoughts of an unlike Nature, ought not to be joyn'd together, That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not Homer, *nor the Divine* Virgil, *for intermixing their Gods in the Wars of* Troy *and* Italy: *Neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd* Milton, *as our false Criticks have presum'd to do, for his Choice of a supernatural Argument; but he would have blam'd my Author, who was a Christian, had he introduc'd into his Poems Heathen Deities, as* Tasso *is condemn'd by* Rapin *on the like occasion: And as* Camoëns, *the Author of the* Lusiads *ought to be censur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in* Bacchus *and* Christ *into the same Adventure of his Fable. From that which has been said, it may be collected, that the Definition of Wit (which has been so often attempted, and ever unsuccessfully, by many Poets) is only this, That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will joyn issue on this Definition, that we may* convenire in aliquo tertio; *if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be easie to put an end to the Dispute. No Man will disagree from another's Judgment, concerning this Dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry; but all reasonable Men will conclude it necessary, that sublimest Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the sublimest, and (consequently often) with the most figurative Expressions. In the mean time, I will not run into their fault of imposing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taste: I have only laid down, and that superficially enough, my present Thoughts; and shall be glad to be taught better, by those who pretend to reform our Poetry.*

THE

THE
State of INNOCENCE,
AND
FALL of MAN.
AN
OPERA.

The first Scene represents a Chaos, *or a confus'd Mass of Matter; the Stage is almost wholly dark. A Symphony of Warlike musick is heard for some time; then from the Heav'ns, (which are open'd) fall the rebellious Angels, wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts. The bottom of the Stairs being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of sight. Tunes of Victory are play'd, and an Hymn sung, Angels discovered above, brandishing their Swords. The Musick ceasing, and the Heav'ns being closed, the Scene shifts, and on a sudden represents Hell. Part of the Scene is a Lake of Brimstone, or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt Colour. The fallen Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate; a Tune of Horrour and Lamentation is heard.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lucifer *raising himself on the Lake.*

Lucifer. IS this the Seat our Conquerour has given?
And this the Climate we must change for Heaven?
These Regions and this Realm my Wars have got;
This mournful Empire is the loser's Lot.
In liquid Burnings, or on dry to dwell,
In all the sad variety of Hell.

But see the Victor has recall'd from far,
Th'Avenging storms, his Ministers of War;
His shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep,
Nor longer bellow through the boundless deep.
Best take th' occasion, and these Waves forsake,
While time is given. Ho, *Asmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But, ah! how chang'd from him,
Companion of my Arms! how wan! how dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I see.
My self too well, and mine own Change in thee.
Asmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who in the fields of Light,
Led'st forth the imbattel'd Seraphims to fight,
Who shook th' Power of Heav'ns eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;
But now those hopes are fled: Thus low we lie,
Shut from this day, and that contented Skie;
And lost, as far as heav'nly Forms can die;
Yet not all perish'd, we defie him still,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will.
Lucif. Strength may return.
Asm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy voice.
Lucif. ——— See on the Lake
Our Troops, like scatter'd leaves in Autumn, lie;
First let us raise our selves, and seek the dry,
Perhaps more easie dwelling.
Asm. ——— From the Beach,
Thy well-known voice, the sleeping Gods we'll reach;
And wake th' immortal Sense, which Thunder's Noise
Had quell'd, and lightning deep, had driven within 'ear
Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our selves will rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air:
Hell, thy new Lord receive,
Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here.
[*Both fly to the Land.*
Asm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be gain
Which is but change of place not change of pain.
Now summon we the rest.
Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's bright Host,
(O Heaven's, once yours; but now, in battle lost)
Wake from your slumbers: Are your Beds of downe;
Sleep you so easie there? or fear the frown
Of him who threw you thence, and joys to see
Your abject State confess his Victory?
Rise, rise, e'er from his battlements he view
Your prostrate postures, and his bolts renew,

To strike you deeper down.

Asm. ——— They wake, they hear,
Shake off their slumber first, and next their fear;
And only for th' appointed Signal stay.

Lucif. Rise from the Flood, and higher wing your way.

Mol. From the Lake. Thine to Command, our part 'tis to obey.

[*The rest of the Devils rise up, and fly to the Land.*

Lucif. So now we are our selves again, an Host
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we lost.
T' o'erleap the Etherial Fence; or if so high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Skie,
And blow him up, who justly rules us now,
Because more strong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis just to win
The highest place; t' attempt, and fail, is sin.

Mol. Chang'd as we are, we'er yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at least gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to rule in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

Lucif. There spoke the better half of *Lucifer*!

Asm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we conferr,
And then determine how to Steer our course;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force:
The Doom's now past; Submission were in vain.

Mol. And, were it not, such baseness I disdain.
I would not stoop to purchase all above;
And should contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r could move,
As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.

Beelzebub. Moloch, in that, all are resolv'd like thee,
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view should sit,
Or what we plot against the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of Vulgar Devils hear.

Lucif. A golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out-shine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the rest;
Let this be done, and quick as 'twas expreſt.

[*A Palace rises, where sit, as in Council,* Lucifer, Asmoday, Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub, *and* Sathan.

Most high and mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n to rise States-General of Hell,
Nor yet repent tho' ruin'd and undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,
Such pride there is in Souls created free,
Such hate of Universal Monarchy;

Speak, (for we therefore meet)
If peace you chuſe, your Suffrages declare;
Or means propound, to carry on the War.

Mol. My ſentence is for War; that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems, plain force I know:
Treaties are vain to Loſers: Nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace ſubmit to Sovraignty.
We can no caution give, we will adore;
And he above is warn'd to truſt no more.
What then remains but battel?

Sathan I agree,
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more ſuch Spirits, Heav'n's our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, ſince e'en Succeſs
Makes Foes ſecure, and makes our danger leſs.
Seraph and *Cherub* careleſs of their Charge,
And wanton, in full eaſe, now live at large,
Ungarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky,
And all diſſolv'd in *Hallelujahs* lie.

Mol. Grant that our hazardous Attempt prov'd vain;
We feel the worſt, ſecur'd from greater pain:
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing; yet ev'n then we know
That not to be, is not to be in woe.

Belial. That knowledge which as Spirits we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the mid'ſt of Pain:
Annihilation were to loſe Heav'n more:
We are not quite exil'd, where Thought can ſoar.
Then ceaſe from Arms;
Tempt him not farther to purſue his blow;
And be content to bear thoſe Pains we know.
If what we had we could not keep, much leſs
Can we regain what thoſe above poſſeſs.

Beelzeb. Heav'n ſleeps not; from one wink a Breach would be
In the full Circle of Eternity.
Long Pains, with uſe of bearing are half eas'd;
Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War we can't eſcape our wretched Lot;
And may, Perhaps, not warring be forgot.

Aſm. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow.
I ſhould, with *Belial*, chuſe ignoble eaſe,
But neither would the Conqueror give Peace,
Nor yet ſo loſt in this low State we are,
As to deſpair of a well manag'd War.

Nor need we tempt those heights which Angels keep,
Who fear no force, or ambush from the deep.
What if we find some easier enterprize?
There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame of Heav'n not err, the blest abode
Of some new Race, call'd Man, a Demi-God,
Whom, near this time, th' Almighty must create;
He swore it, shook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate.
Lucif. I heard it; through all Heav'n the rumour ran,
And much they talk of this intended *Man*:
Of Form Divine; but less in Excellence
Than we, endu'd with Reason lodg'd in Sense:
The Soul pure Fire, like ours of equal force;
But, pent in Flesh, must issue by Discourse:
We see what is; to Man truth must be brought
By sense, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light to will and understand;
For made less knowing, he's at more command.
Asm. Tho Heav'n be shut, that World if it be made,
As nearest Heav'n, lies open to invade:
Man therefore must be known, his Strength his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then seduce, or overthrow:
The first is easiest; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Advise, if this attempt be worth our care.
Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the hazards are.
Some one (but who that task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature must discov'ry make.
Hell's Brazen Gates he first must break, then far
Must wander through old night, and through the War
Of antique Chaos; and when these are past,
Meet Heav'n's out-guards, who scout upon the wast:
At every Station must be bid to stand,
And forc'd to answer every strict demand.
Mol. This glorious Enterprize——— [*Rising up.*
Lucif. ———————Rash Angel, stay;
[*Rising and laying his Sceptre on* Moloch's *head.*
That Palm is mine, which none shall take away.
Hot Braves like thee, may fight; but know not well
To manage this, the last great Stake of Hell.
Why am I rank'd in State above the rest,
If, while I stand of Sovereign Power possest,
Another dares in danger farther go?
Kings are not made for ease, and Pageant show.
Who would be Conquerour must venture all;
He merits not to rise who dares not fall.

Asm.

Asm. The Praise and danger then be all your own.
Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:
Through Brazen Gates, vast Chaos, and old night,
I'll force my way; and upwards steer my flight:
Discover this new World, and newer Man;
Make him my Foot-step to mount Heav'n again:
Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,
We'll scour our spots, and the dire Thunders scar,
With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,
And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.
Asm. Mean time the Youth of Hell strict guard may keep,
And set their Centries to the utmost deep.
That no Etherial Parasite may come
To spie our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.
Lucif. Before yon' Brimstone-Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas, that we must measure time by Woe!)
I shall return; (my mind presages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your care I much approve; what time remains,
With sports and Musick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate'er Joy so sad a Climate yields,
Seek to forget at least divert your pains.

Betwixt the first Act, and the second, while the Chiefs sit in the Palace, may be expressed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and Dancing in Grotesque Figures; and a Song expressing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before; and how they fell bravely in Battel, having deserved Victory by their valour; and what they would have done, if they had conquer'd.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Champain Country.

Adam, *as newly created, laid on a Bed of Moss and Flowers, by a Rock.*

[*Rising.*

Adam WHat am I? Or from whence? for that I am,
I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this frame of mine began to be,
What other being can disclose to me?

I move, I see, I speak, discourse and know;
Tho' now I am, I was not always so;
Then that from which I was must be before,
Whom as my spring of being I adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view,
In all its Parts! and seems as beautiful as new:
O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine,
Of thee I am; and what I am is thine!

[Raphael *descends to* Adam *in a Cloud.*

Raphael. First of Mankind, made o'er the World to reign,
Whose fruitful Loins an unborn kind contain,
Well hast thou reason'd; of himself is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin who ne'er can end;
On him all beings, as their source, depend.
We first, who of his Image most partake,
Whom he all Spirits Immortal pure did make.
Man next; whose Race exalted, must supply
The Place of those, who, falling, lost the Sky.

Adam. Bright Minister of Heav'n, sent here below
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If such could fall from bliss, who knew and saw,
By near Admission, their Creator's Law;
What hopes have I, from Heav'n remote so far,
To keep those Laws unknowing when I err.

Raphael. Right Reason's Laws to every human heart
Th' Eternal, as his Image, will impart:
This teaches to adore Heav'ns Majesty:
In Pray'r and Praise does all Devotion lie:
So doing, thou and all thy Race are blest.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird and Beast,
I see the Kinds; in Pairs distinct they go:
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dst a Race which must proceed from me,
Yet my whole species in my self I see:
A barren Sex, and single of no use;
But full of Forms, which I can ne'er produce.

Raphael. Think not the Pow'r who made thee thus can find
No way like their's to propagate thy Kind.
Mean time, live happy in thy self alone;
Like him, who, single fills th' Etherial Throne.
To study Nature will thy time employ:
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect joy.

Adam. If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
Had made no Creature for himself to love.
I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodness more;

He

He would not be alone who all things can;
But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.
Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all Inferiour Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's greatness no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and those thou want'st not here.
Adam. Why did he Reason in my Soul implant,
And Speech th' effect of Reason? To the Mute
My Speech is lost; my Reason to the brute.
Love and Society more Blessing's bring
To them, the Slaves, than Power to me their King.
Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but, to Heaven, 'twas known,
It was not best for Man to be alone;
An equal, yet thy Subject, is design'd
For thy soft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway;
And thou, through Love, her beauty shalt obey:
Thou shalt secure her helpless Sex from harms;
And she thy Cares shall sweeten with her Charms.
Adam. What more can Heav'n bestow, or Man require?
Raphael. Yes; he can give beyond thy own desire.
A mansion is provided thee more fair
Than this and worthy Heavens peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers
Of Vulgar Growth; but like Celestial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit Divine.
Where golden Apples on green Branches shine,
And Purple Grapes dissolve into immortal Wine.
For Noon-day's heat are closer Arbours made;
And for fresh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner glade.
Ascend: and, as we go,
More wonders thou shalt know.
Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Pow'r, and greater Love.

[*They ascend to soft Musick, and a Song is sung.*

The Scene changes; and represents above, a Sun Gloriously rising, and moving orbicularly: At a distance, below, is the Moon, the part next the Sun enlightned, the other dark. A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverse part of the Heavens, bearing Lucifer *in it; at his nearer approach, the Body of the Sun is darkned.*

Lucifer. Am I become so monstrous? So disfigur'd,
That Nature cannot suffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face? But stands aghast;
And that fair Light which glides this new-made Orb,

Shorn

Shorn of his Beams, shrinks in, accurst Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the nether World,
How dearly have I bought you! but 'tis past:
I have already gone too far to stop,
And must push on my dire revenge, in ruine
Of this gay Frame, and Man my up-start Rival;
In scorn of me created. Down my Pride,
And all my swelling thoughts; I must forget,
A while, I am a Devil, and put on
A smooth, submissive Face; else I, in vain
Have past through Night and Chaos, to discover
Those envy'd Skies again, which I have lost.
But stay; far off, I see a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Uriel*,
One of the Seven; (I know his hated Face)
Who stands in presence of th' Eternal Throne,
And seems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that part of the Heavens, where the Sun appears, a Chariot is discovered, drawn with White Horses; and in it Uriel, *the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves swiftly towards* Lucifer; *and at* Uriel's *approach, the Sun recovers his Light.*

Uriel. Spirit, who art thou? and from whence arriv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n)
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?
Or wander'st thou within this lucid Orb,
And stray'd from those fair Fields of Light above,
Amidst this new Creation want'st a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?

Lucif. ——————— Bright *Uriel*,
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Minister,
Who guard'st this new-created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour, and high Office, make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of less Note,
Yet, bold, by thy Permission, hither come,
On high Discoveries bent.

Uriel. ——————— Speak thy design.

Lucif. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels neerest Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view
(If worthy such a Favour) and admire
This last effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows shall I turn,
Full fraught with joyful Tydings of these Works,

New matter of his Praise, and of our Songs:

Uriel. Thy business is not what deserves my blame,
Nor thou, thy self, unwelcome; see, fair Spirit,
Below yon' Sphere, (of matter not unlike it,)
There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
Self-center'd, and unmov'd.

Lucif. ——————But where dwells Man?

Uriel. On yonder mount; thou seest it fenc'd with Rocks,
And round th' Ascent a Theatre of Trees,
A Sylvane Scene, which rising by degrees,
Lifts up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight,
With one full prospect but invites by many,
To view at last the whole: There his abode,
Thither direct thy Flight.

Lucif. ——————O blest be thou,
Who, to my low Converse, hast lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my request: Hail, and farewel.

[*Flies downwards out of sight.*

Uriel. Not unobserv'd thou go'st, whoe'er thou art;
Whether some Spirit, on holy Purpose bent,
Or some fall'n Angel, from below broke loose,
Who com'st with envious Eyes, and curst intent,
To view this World, and its created Lord:
Here will I watch, and while my Orb rouls on,
Pursue from hence thy much-suspected Flight;
And, if disguis'd, pierce through the Beams of Light.

[*The Chariot drives forward out of sight.*

The Scene *Paradise.*

Trees cut out on each side, with several Fruits upon them: A Fountain in the midst: At the far end, the Prospect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be dreaming, let me never wake;
But still the Joys of that sweet sleep partake,
Methought — but why do *I* my bliss delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Vision, stay;
My better half, thou softer part of me
To whom I yield my boasted Sov'raignty,
I seek my self, and find not, wanting thee.

[*Exit.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,
Who shin'st above, what am I? Whence begun?

Like

Like my self, I see nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down to look on me,
And Beasts, with up-cast Eyes, forsake their shade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am somewhat which they wish to be,
And cannot: I my self am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below, [*Looks into a Fountain.*
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow?
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With smiling Looks, as pleas'd to see me here.
As I advance, so that advances too,
And seems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to speak, the Lips it moves;
Streams down the Voice, as it would say it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not stay: [*Steps down to embrace.*
Lost, e'er tis held; when neareſt, far away.
Ah! Fair, yet false; Ah! Being form'd to cheat,
By seeming kindness, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin! Heav'n begot and born of Man,
Thou fairest of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddess, thee th' Eternal did ordain
His softer substitute on Earth to Reign:
And whereso'er thy happy Foot-steps tread,
Nature in Triumph after thee is led:
Angels with pleasure view thy matchless Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.

Eve. O! only like my self, (for nothing here
So graceful so majestick likes appear:)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did see,
Loos'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me!
Yet, sure thou art not; nor thy Face the same;
Nor thy Limbs moulded in so soft a frame:
Thou look'st more sternly, dost more strongly move;
And more of Awe thou beareſt, and less of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the rest,
I, next my self admire, and love thee best.

Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pity that Love thy beauty does beget:
What more I shall desire, I know not yet.
First let us lock'd in those Embraces be,
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my self and thee.

Eve. Somewhat forbids me, which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But some restraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long should beg, I long deny.

Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is seal'd above;
Look round, and see where thou canst place thy Love.
All Creatures else are much unworthy Thee;
They match'd, and thou alone are left for Me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain:
I my new Empire would resign again;
And change, with my dumb Slaves, my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reason, more of Pleasure find.
Methinks, for me they beg; each silently
Demands thy Grace, and seems to watch thine Eye.

Eve. I well foresee, whene'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much-lov'd Sovereignty shall want:
Or like my self some other may be made,
And Her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.

Adam. Could Heav'n some greater Master-piece devise,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies,
That Beauty yet in vain he should decree,
Unless he made another Heart for me.

Eve. With how much ease I, whom I love believe I
Giving my self, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight,
So, Thou be my Defence, I thy Delight. [*Exeunt, he leading her.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Paradise.*

Lucifer. FAir Place! yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, so almost equall'd the Most High;
I doubted, measuring both, who was more strong:
Then, willing to forget time since so long,
Scarce thought I was created; vain desire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts still shot me higher,
To mount above his sacred Head; ah why,
When he so kind, was so ungrateful I?
He bounteously bestow'd unenvy'd Good
On me; in arbitrary Grace I stood:

Tacknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As He, who knows my Hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once queſtion'd: Hope, farewel;
And with Hope, Fear; no Depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill, be thou my Good;
And vaſt Deſtruction, be my Envy's Food.
Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain,
And in one Hour, deſtroy his Six Days Pain.
They come again; I muſt retire.

Enter Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Thus ſhall we live in perfect Bliſs, and ſee;
Deathleſs our Selves, our num'rous Progeny.
Thou young and beauteous, my Deſires to bleſs;
I, ſtill deſiring, what I ſtill poſſeſs.

Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greateſt Bleſſing came)
Can give no more, but ſtill to be the ſame.
Thou more of Pleaſure mayſt with me partake;
I, more of Pride, becauſe thy Bliſs I make.

Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'ſt thy Virgin-Love
Fair Angels ſung our Bridal Hymn above:
Th'Eternal nodding ſhook the Firmament,
And conſcious Nature gave her glad Conſent.
Roſes unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flower,
Flew from their Stalks, to ſtrow thy Nuptial Bower:
The furr'd and feather'd Kind, the Triumph did purſue,
And Fiſhes leapt above the Streams, the paſſing Pomp to view.

Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join,
A doubtful trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er;
Then, Wiſhes; and a Warmth, unknown before:
What follow'd, was all Ecſtaſie and Trance;
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumult toſt,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being loſt.

Lucif. O Death to hear! and a worſe Hell on Earth: [*Aſide*
What mad Profuſion on this Clod-born Birth!
Abyſs of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to ſhew
What, in baſe Matters, ſuch a Hand could do:
Or was his Virtue ſpent, and he no more
With Angels could ſupply th'exhauſted Store,
Of which I ſwept the Sky?——

And

And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work employ'd his trifling Skill.

Eve. Blest in our selves, all Pleasures else abound;
Without our Care, behold th'unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our shady Bowers
The creeping *Jessamin* thrusts her fragrant Flowers,
The *Myrtle*, *Orange*, and the blushing *Rose*
With bending Heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the Flavour which the other blows:
By these the *Peach*, the *Guava*, and the *Pine*,
And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling *Vine*,
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters twine.

Adam. All these are ours, all Natures Excellence,
Whose taste and smell can bless the feasted Sense:
One only Fruit, in the mid-Garden plac'd,
(The Tree of Knowledge is deny'd our Taste;
(Our Proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Disobedience, Death's the threatned Ill.

Eve. Death is some harm, which tho' we know not, yet,
Since threatned, we must needs imagine great:
And sure he merits it, who disobeys
That one Command, and one of so much ease.

Lucif. Must they then die, if they attempt to know,
He sees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruine lay;
Hope, to know more, shall tempt to disobey.
I fell by this, and since their Strength is less,
Why should not equal Means give like Success?

Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning Task we lose;
Some Labour, e'en the easiest Life would chuse:
Ours is not great; the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whose too luxuriant Growth our Alleys stop,
And choke the Paths: This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work desires.

Eve. With thee to live is Paradise alone;
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none.
I fear small progress will be made this day,
So much our Kisses will our Task delay. [*Exeunt.*

Lucif. Why have not I, like those, a Body too
Form'd for the same Delights which they pursue?
I could (so variously my Passions move)
Enjoy, and blast her in the Act of Love.
Unwillingly I hate such Excellence;
She wrong'd me not; but I revenge th'Offence,
Through her, on Heav'n, whose Thunder took away
My Birthright Skies! Live happy whilst you may,
Blest Pair, y'are not allow'd another day! [*Exit.* Gabriel

Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *descend, carried on bright Clouds; and flying cross each other, then light on the Ground.*

Gabriel. Ithuriel, since we two commission'd are
From Heav'n the Guardians of the new-made Pair,
Each Mind his Charge; for, see, the Night draws on,
And rising Mists pursue the setting Sun.

Ithuriel. Blest is our Lot to serve; our Task we know:
To watch, lest any from th'Abyss below
Broke loose, disturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worse,
Assault their Beings with superior Force.

[Uriel *flies down from the Sun.*

Uriel. Gabriel, if now the Watch be set, prepare,
With strictest Guard, to show thy utmost Care.
This Morning came a Spirit, fair he seem'd,
Whom, by his Face, I some young *Cherub* deem'd;
Of Man he much enquir'd, and where his Place,
With shews of Zeal to praise his Maker's Grace;
But I, with watchful Eyes observ'd his Flight,
And saw him on yon' steepy Mount alight;
There, as he thought, unseen, he laid aside
His borrow'd Mask, and re-assum'd his Pride:
I mark'd his Looks, averse to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving stood
On some deep, dark Design; thence shot with haste.
And o'er the Mounts of Paradise he past:
By his proud Port he seem'd the Prince of Hell;
And here he lurks in Shades till Night: Search well
Each Grove and Thicket, pry in every Shape,
Lest, hid in some, th'Arch-Hypocrite escape.

Gabriel. If any Spirit come t'invade or scout
From Hell, what Earthy Fence can keep him out?
But rest secure of this, he shall be found,
And taken, or proscrib'd this happy Ground.

Ithuriel. Thou to the East, I Westward walk the round,
And meet me in the midst. (*Uriel.*) Heav'n your Design
Succeed; Your Charge requires you, and me mine.

[Uriel *flies forward out of sight.*
The two Angels Exeunt *severally.*

A Night-Piece of a pleasant Bower: Adam *and* Eve *asleep in it.*
Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lie, secure in Love, and steep
Their fated Senses in full Draughts of sleep.

By

By what ſure means can I their Bliſs invade?
By Violence? No, for they're immortal made.
Their Reaſon ſleeps, but Mimic Fancy wakes;
Supplies her parts, and wild Idea's takes
From Words and Things ill-ſorted and mis-joyn'd;
The Anarchy of Thought and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may ariſe;
Theſe will I ſet before the Woman's Eyes;
The weaker ſhe, and made my eaſier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the ſofter Sex betray.

[Lucifer *ſits down by* Eve, *and ſeems to whiſper in her Ear.*

A Viſion, where a Tree riſes loaden with Fruit; four Spirits riſe with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other Spirits dance about the Tree in deform'd ſhapes; after the Dance, an Angel enters with a Woman, habited like Eve.

Angels ſinging:

Look up, look up, and ſee
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it ſmiles, and rich with ſtreaks of Gold.
The loaden Branches downward bend,
Willing they ſtoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haſte,
And bleſs, and bleſs thy Senſes with the taſte.

Woman. No; 'tis forbidden, I
In taſting it ſhall die.

Angel. Say, who enjoyn'd this harſh Command?

Woman. 'Twas Heav'n, and who can Heav'n withſtand?

Angel. Why was it made ſo Fair? why plac'd in ſight?
Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try,
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and will not die.

[*The Angel takes the Fruit, and gives to the Spirits who danc'd; they immediately put off their deform'd ſhapes, and appear Angels.*

Angels ſinging. Behold what a Change on a ſudden is here!
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at Pleaſure the Clouds can invade.

[*The Angel gives to the Woman, who Eats.*

Till equal in Honour they riſe
With Him who commands in the Skies:
Then taſte without Fear, and be happy and wiſe.

Woman.

Woman. Ah! now I believe; such a Pleasure I find,
As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.
I only repent [*The Spirits who are turn'd Angels, fly up when they have tasted.*
I defer'd my Content.

Angel. Now wiser Experience has taught you to prove,
What a Folly it is,
Out of Fear to shun Bliss.
To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
It enhances the Price, and encreases the Love.

Chorus of Both. To the Joy, &c.

Two Angels descend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up with her out of sight. The Angel who sung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy, at the same instant sink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *to* Lucifer, *who remains.*

Gabriel. What art thou? speak, thy Name, and thy Intent.
Why here alone? and on what Errand sent?
Not from above? No, thy wan Looks betray
Diminish'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to day.

Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy self unknown:
Time was, when shining next th' Imperial Throne,
I sate in awful State, while such as thou
Did, in the ignoble Crowd, at distance bow.

Gabriel. Think'st thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are the same?
And seest not Sin obscures thy Godlike Frame?
I know thee now by thy ungrateful Pride;
That shows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to Him who made, and set thee high;
And Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.

Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again;
Seek thanks from Him, whose Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boast:
You basely keep the Place I bravely lost.

Ithuriel. Freedom is choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely so.
'Tis base not to acknowledge what we owe.

Lucifer. Thanks, howe'er due, proclaim Subjection yet:
I fought for Power to quit th'upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himself repays;
And seems but little, who can want our Praise.

Gabriel. What in us Duty, shows not Want in Him:
Blest in Himself alone.——————
To whom no Praise we, by good Deeds, can add;
Nor can his Glory suffer from our bad.

Made for His Use; yet He has form'd us so,
We, unconstrain'd, what he commands us, do.
So praise we Him, and serve Him freely best:
Thus thou, by choice, art fallen, and we are blest.

Ithuriel. This, lest thou think thy Plea, unanswer'd, good,
Our Question thou evad'st: How didst thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this Humane Pair
In nightly ambush lie?

Lucifer. Lives there who would not seek to force his way
From Pain to Ease, from Darkness to the Day?
Should I, who found the means t'escape not dare
To change my sulph'rous Smoke, for upper Air?
When I in fight sustain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone spent half his War,
Think'st thou those Wounds were light? Should I not seek
The Clemency of some more temp'rate Clime
To purge my Gloom; and by the Sun resin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind?

Gabriel. If Pain to shun be all thy Business here,
Methinks thy Fellows the same course should steer.
Is their Pain less, who yet behind thee stay;
Or thou less hardy to endure than they?

Lucifer. Nor one, nor t'other; but as Leaders ought,
I ventur'd first alone; first Danger sought:
And first explor'd this new-created Frame,
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame:
In hopes my fainting Troops to settle here,
And to defend against your Thunderer,
This spot of Earth, or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forrage to his Gates from middle Air.

Ithuriel. Fool! To believe thou any part canst gain
From Him, who couldst not thy first Ground maintain.

Gabriel. But whether that Design, or one as vain,
T'attempt the Lives of these, first drew thee here;
Avoid the Place, and never more appear
Upon this Hallow'd Earth, else prove our Might.

Lucifer. Not that *I* fear, do I decline the Fight:
You I disdain; let me with him contend,
On whom your limitary Powers depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent;
Till then, I have accomplish'd my Intent;
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
Gazing to wish, yet hopeless to obtain. [*Exit.*

[*They following him.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paradise.*

Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. STrange was your Dream, and full of sad Portent;
Avert it Heav'n, (if it from Heav'n were sent:)
Let on thy Foes the dire Presages fall;
To us be good and easie when we call.
Eve. Behold from from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears.
Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense;
Thou stronger may'st endure the Flood of Light;
And while in Shades I cheat my fainting Sight,
Encounter the descending Excellence. [*Exit.*

The Cloud descends with six Angels in it; and when 'tis near the Ground, breaks; and on each side, discovers six more: They descend out of the Cloud. Raphael *and* Gabriel *discourse with* Adam, *the rest stand at distance.*

Raph. First of Mankind, that we from Heav'n are sent,
Is from Heav'n's Care thy ruine to prevent.
Th'Apostate Angel has, by Night, been here,
And whisper'd through thy sleeping Consort's Ear
Delusive Dreams; thus warn'd by us, beware;
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.
Gabriel. These, as thy Guards from outward Harms, are sent;
Ills from within, thy Reason must prevent.
Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compassion deign
To want that Place where Joys immortal reign,
In care of me; what Praises can I pay,
Defended in Obedience, taught to obey?
Raph. Praise him alone, who, God-like, form'd thee free,
With Will unbounded, as a Deity;
Who gave thee Reason, as thy Aid to chuse
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuse.
Obedience is that Good: This Heav'n exacts;
And Heav'n, all Just, from Man requires, not acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do; Pow'r then is giv'n
Of doing good, but not compell'd by Heav'n.
Gabriel. Made good, that thou dost to thy Maker owe;
But to thy self if thou continu'st so.

Adam. Freedom of Will, of all good things is best;
But can it be by finite Man poſſeſt?
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.

Raphael Heav'n cannot give his boundleſs Pow'r away;
But boundleſs Liberty of Choice he may.
So Orbs, from the firſt Mover, Motion take;
Yet each their proper Revolutions make.

Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have giv'n us liberty;
Are we not bounded, now, by firm Decree,
Since whatſo'er is pre-ordain'd, muſt be?
Elſe Heav'n, for Man, Events might pre-ordain,
And Man's Free-will might make thoſe Orders vain.

Gabriel. Th'Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did neceſſitate:
So, what he order'd, they, by Nature, do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
Man only boaſts an arbitrary State.

Adam. Yet Cauſes their Effects neceſſitate
In willing Agents: Where is Freedom then?
Or who can break the Chain which limits Men
To act what is unchangeably forecaſt,
Since the firſt Cauſe gives motion to the laſt?

Raphael. Heav'n by fore-knowing what will ſurely be,
Does only, firſt, Effects in Cauſes ſee;
And finds, but does not make Neceſſity.
Creation is of Pow'r, and Will th'Effect,
Fore-knowledge only of his Intellect;
His Preſcience makes not, but ſuppoſes things;
Infers Neceſſity to be; not brings.
Thus thou art not conſtrain'd to Good or Ill:
Cauſes which work th'Effect, force not the Will.

Adam. The Force unſeen, and diſtant, I confeſs;
But the long Chain makes not the Bondage leſs.
Ev'n Man himſelf may to himſelf ſeem free,
And think that Choice which is Neceſſity.

Gabriel. And who but Man ſhould judge of Man's free State?

Adam. I find that I can chuſe to love, or hate;
Obey, or diſobey; do good, or ill;
Yet ſuch a Choice is but Conſent, not Will.
I can but chuſe what he has firſt deſign'd,
For he, before that Choice, my Will confin'd.

Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they entrance gain,
Made Heav'n, all pure, thy Crimes to pre-ordain.

Adam. Far, far from me be baniſh'd ſuch a Thought;
I argue only to be better taught.

Or

Can there be Freedom, when what now seems free
Was founded on some first Necessity?
For whate'er Cause can move the Will t'elect,
Must be sufficient to produce th'Effect:
And what's sufficient, must effectual be:
Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Causes, free?

Raph. Sufficient Causes only work th'Effect,
When necessary Agents they respect.
Such is not Man, who tho' the Cause suffice,
Yet often he his free Assent denies.

Adam. What causes not, is not sufficient still.

Gabriel. Sufficient in it self; not in thy Will.

Raph. When we see Causes join'd t'Effects at last,
The Chain but shews Necessity that's past.
That what's done, is; (ridiculous Proof of Fate!)
Tell me which part it does necessitate;
I'll chuse the other; there I'll link th'Effect.
O Chain, which Fools, to catch themselves, project!

Adam. Tho' no constraint from Heav'n, or Causes be,
Heav'n may prevent that Ill He does foresee:
And, not preventing, tho' he does not cause,
He seems to will that Man should break his Laws.

Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill consent:
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.
'Twere to unmake, to take away the Will,

Adam. Better constrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.

Raph. But what Reward or Punishment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?
Th'Eternal Justice could decree no Pain
To him whose Sins it self did first ordain;
And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:
His Pow'r would shine in Goodness, not thy Act.
Our Task is done, obey, and in that Choice,
Thou shalt be blest, and Angels shall rejoyce.

[Raphael *and* Gabriel *fly up in the Cloud; the other Angels go off.*

Adam. Hard state of Life! Since Heav'n fore-knows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I trusted with my self at large,
When he's more able to sustain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,
'Twould show more Grace my Frailty to confine.
Fore-knowing the Success, to leave me free,
Excuses him, and yet supports not me. [*To him,* Eve.

Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
Is mounted, yet our Labour not begun,

The

The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But Work is Pleasure when we chuse our Task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but lavish grows,
Our Paths with Flow'rs she prodigally strows;
With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
While cross our Walks the shooting Branches meet.

Adam. Well has thy care advis'd; 'tis fit we haste;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too fast;
Leaves us no room her Treasures to possess,
But mocks our Industry with her Excess;
And wildly wanton wears by Night away
The sign of all our Labours done by Day.

Eve. Since then the Work's so great, the Hands so few,
This Day let each a sev'ral Task pursue.
By thee, my Hands to labour will not move;
But round thy Neck employ themselves in Love.
When thou wouldst work, one tender touch, one smile
(How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.

Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
That Smiles and soft Endearments are deny'd.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beasts, from Reason move,
And are the Priviledge of Humane Love:
And if, sometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
Those little Vacancies from Toil are sweet.
But you, by absence, would refresh your Joys,
Because, perhaps, my Conversation cloys.
Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.

Eve. What Reason makes my small Request unfit?

Adam. The fall'n Archangel, envious of our State,
Pursues our Beings with Immortal Hate.
And hopeless to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage, to betray us worse;
Which when asunder, will not prove so hard;
For both together are each others Guard.

Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeless to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds assail:
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to misdoubt my Reason or my Love.

Adam. Call it my Care, and not mistrust of thee;
Yet thou art weak, and full of Art is he;
Else how could he that Host seduce to Sin,
Whose Fall has left the Heavenly Nation thin?

Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty and Hate;
But why should we suspect our happy state?
Is our Perfection of so frail a make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine and shake?

Think

Think better both of Heav'n, thy ſelf and me,
Who always fears, at eaſe can never be.
Poor ſtate of Bliſs, where ſo much Care is ſhown,
As not to dare to truſt our ſelves alone!

Adam. Such is our ſtate, as not exempt from fall;
Yet firm, if Reaſon to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is ſtronger than in one;
I would not; why wouldſt thou, then, be alone?

Eve. Becauſe thus warn'd, I know my ſelf ſecure,
And long my little Trial to endure,
T'approve my Faith, thy needleſs Fears remove;
Gain thy Eſteem, and ſo deſerve thy Love.
If all this ſhake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that ev'n preſent, I am abſent ſtill:
And then what Pleaſure hop'ſt thou in my ſtay,
When I'm conſtrain'd, and wiſh my ſelf away.

Adam. Conſtraint does ill with Love and Beauty ſute,
I would perſwade, but not be abſolute.
Better be much remiſs than too ſevere,
If pleas'd in abſence, thou wilt ſtill be here:
Go, in thy Native Innocence proceed,
And ſummon all thy Reaſon at thy Need.

Eve. My Soul, my Eyes Delight; in this I find
Thou lov'ſt, becauſe to love is to be kind. [*Embracing him.*
Seeking my Trial, I am ſtill on guard:
Trials leſs ſought, would find us leſs prepar'd.
Our Foe's too proud the weaker to aſſail,
Or doubles his Diſhonour if he fail.

Adam. In Love, what uſe of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more powerful She.
Blame me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's Pow'r has try'd,
What could be ſo unjuſt to be deny'd?
One Look of hers my Reſolution breaks;
Reaſon it ſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks:
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to ſway,
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

The Middle Part of the Garden is repreſented, where four Rivers meet: on the right ſide of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life; on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. Methinks the Beauties of this Place ſhould mourn;
Th'immortal Fruits and Flow'rs at my return
Should hang their wither'd Heads; for ſure my Breath
Is now more poys'nous, and has gather'd Death

Enough

Enough to blaſt the whole Creation's Frame:
Swoln with Deſpite, with Sorrow, and with Shame,
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To ſhun the Watch of Heav'n; ſuch Care I uſe:
(What Pains would Malice, rais'd like mine, refuſe?
Not the moſt abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the ſpiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake;
Not yet deſcry'd. But, ſee, the Woman here
Alone! Beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near;
Good Omen that: I muſt retire unſeen,
And with my borrow'd Shape, the Work begin. [*Retires.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at leaſt, with leave; nor can it be
A Sin to look on this Cœleſtial Tree:
I would not more; to touch, a Crime may prove:
Touching is a remoter Taſte in Love.
Death may be there, or Poyſon in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing ſo fair can dwell;)
But Heav'n forbids: I could be ſatisfy'd,
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree of Knowledge; on which winding himſelf, he plucks an Apple; then deſcends, and carries it away.

Strange Sight! Did then our great Creator grant
That Privilege, which we their Maſters want,
To theſe Inferior Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he bleſt with bolder Ignorance?
I ſaw his curling Creſt the Trunk infold:
The ruddy Fruit diſtinguiſh'd o'er with Gold,
And ſmiling in its Native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpuniſh'd hence,
And ſeem'd to boaſt his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer *in a Humane Shape.*

Lucifer. Hail, Sovereign of this Orb! form'd to poſſeſs
The World, and, with one Look, all Nature bleſs.
Nature is thine; Thou, Empreſs, doſt beſtow
On Fruits, to bloſſom; and on Flowers to blow.
They happy, yet inſenſible to boaſt
Their Bliſs: More happy they who know the moſt.

Then

Then happiest I, to Humane Reason rais'd,
And Voice, with whose first Accents thou art prais'd.

Eve. What art thou? Or from whence? For on this Ground,
Beside my Lord's, ne'er heard I Humane Sound.
Art thou some other *Adam* form'd from Earth,
And com'st to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or sprung of Heavenly Race?

Lucifer. An humble Native of this happy Place,
Thy Vassal born, and one of lowest Kind,
Whom Heaven neglectful made, and scarce design'd,
But threw me in, for number, to the rest,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beast;
By Chance, not Prudence, now Superior grown.

Eve. To make thee such, what Miracle was shown?

Lucifer. Who would not tell what thou vouchsaf'st to hear?
Saw'st thou not late a speckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on yon' fair Tree?
Before this happy minute I was he.

Eve. Thou speak'st of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.

Lucifer. Not wishing then, and thoughtless to obtain
So great a Bliss; but led by sense of Good,
In-born to all, I sought my needful Food:
Then, on that Heav'nly Tree my Sight I cast;
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taste.
Not to detain thee long, I took, did eat:
Scarce had my Palate touch'd th' Immortal Meat,
But on a sudden turn'd to what I am,
God-like, and next to thee, I fair became:
Thought, spake, and reason'd; and, by Reason found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd.

Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine:
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'n's Command, and should we disobey,
What rais'd thy Beings, ours must take away.

Lucifer. Sure you mistake the Precept, or the Tree:
Heav'n cannot envious of his Blessings be.
Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Use,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:
Not this, whose Colour, Scent Divine and Taste,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haste.

Eve. By all these signs too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a Power severe and absolute.

Lucifer. Severe indeed, ev'n to Injustice hard,
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:
Knowledge of Good, is good; and therefore fit;
And to know Ill, is good, for shunning it;

Eve. What, but our Good, could he design in this,
Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliss?
Lucifer. Excuse my Zeal, fair Sov'reign in your Cause,
Which dares to tax his arbitrary Laws:
'Tis all his aim to keep you blindly low,
That servile Fear from Ignorance may flow:
We scorn to worship whom too well we know.
He knows that eating, you shall God-like be
As wise, as fit to be ador'd as he.
For his own Int'rest he this Law has given;
Such Beauty may rise Factions in his Heaven.
By awing you, he does Possession keep,
And is too wise to hazard Partnership.
Eve. Alas, who dares dispute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us must be infinite.
Lucifer. Who told you how your Form was first design'd?
The Sun and Earth produce of ev'ry kind;
Grass, Flowers, and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too
Their Mould was base; 'twas more refin'd in you;
Where Vital Heat in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind, rais'd up to Thought;
And that, perhaps, might his Beginning be:
Something was first, I question if 'twere He.
But grant him first, yet still suppose him good,
Not envying those he made, immortal Food.
Eve. But Death our Disobedience must pursue.
Lucifer. Behold in me, what shall arrive to you.
I tasted, yet I live; nay, more, have got
A state more perfect than my Native Lot.
Nor fear this petty Fault his Wrath should raise;
Heaven rather will your dauntless Virtue praise,
That sought, through threatned Death, immortal Good:
Gods are immortal only by their Food.
Taste, and remove.
What difference does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reason, you shall Godhead gain.
Eve *aside*] He eats and lives, in Knowledge greater grown:
Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is Intellectual Food to Man deny'd,
Which Brutes have, with so much advantage, try'd;
Not only try'd themselves, but, frankly, more
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd store.
Lucifer. Be bold, and all your needless Doubts remove:
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove)
How vast her Bole, how wide her Arms are spread!
How high above the rest she shoots her Head,

Plac'd

Plac'd in the midſt! Would Heaven his Works diſgrace,
By planting Poyſon in the happieſt Place?
Haſte; you loſe time and Godhead by delay. [*Plucking the Fruit.*
Eve *looking about her.*] 'Tis done; I'll venture all, and diſobey;
Perhaps, far hid in Heaven, he does not ſpy,
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord the Lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He, to partake my Bliſs, my Crime ſhall ſhare. [*Exit haſtily.*

Lucifer. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haſte; 'twas hard
With no return ſuch Counſel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater part;
She's now the Tempter to enſnare his Heart.
He, whoſe firm Faith no Reaſon could remove,
Will melt before that ſoft Seducer, Love. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Paradiſe.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

Eve. METhinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flowers rebound:
I walk in Air, and ſcorn this Earthly Seat;
Heaven is my Palace, this my baſe Retreat.
Take me not, Heav'n, too ſoon, 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch: But ſtay, ſhall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Sov'reign now,
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is ſweet; but how if Heav'n has ſpy'd?
If I ſhould die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my ſtead,
Shall ſhe poſſeſs his Love, when I am dead?
No; he ſhall eat and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes ſhall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, hath Earth in ſtore?
While you were abſent, *Eden* was no more.

Winds murmur'd through the Leaves, your long delay;
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your ſtay.
But with your Preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
And Walks wear freſher Green, at your Return.

Eve. Henceforth you never ſhall have cauſe to chide,
No future Abſence ſhall our Joys divide:
'Twas a ſtrange Death, my Love ne'er try'd before.
And therefore ſtrange; but yet the Cauſe was more.

Adam. My trembling Heart forbodes ſome Ill: I fear
To ask that Cauſe which I deſire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? what means (alas!)
That Blood, which flushes guilty in your Face?
Speak——do not——yet, at laſt I muſt be told.

Eve. Have Courage then; 'tis Manly to be bold.
This Fruit—— why ſhouldſt thou ſhake, no Death is nigh;
'Tis what I taſted firſt, yet do not die.

Adam. Is it?——(I dare not ask it all at firſt;
Doubt is ſome eaſe to thoſe who fear the worſt:)
Say, 'Tis not.

Eve. ——'Tis not what thou needſt to fear;
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd, and had ſtill been ſo,
Had I not ventur'd boldly firſt to know.
Yet not I firſt, I almoſt bluſh to ſay,
The Serpent eating taught me firſt the way.
The Serpent taſted, and the God-like Fruit,
Gave the Dumb Voice, gave Reaſon to the Brute.

Adam. O faireſt of all Creatures, laſt and beſt,
Of what Heaven made, how art thou diſpoſſeſt
Of all thy Native Glories! fall'n! decay'd!
(Pity ſo rare a Frame ſo frail was made!)
Now cauſe of thine own Ruine! and with thine,
(Ah! who can live without thee!) cauſe of mine:

Eve. Reſerve thy Pity till I want it more:
I know my ſelf much happier than before;
More wiſe, more perfect, all I wiſh to be,
Were I but ſure, alas! of pleaſing thee.

Adam. Y'have ſhown how much you my Content deſign:
Yet, ah! would Heav'n's Diſpleaſure paſs like mine.
Muſt I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd ſo well:
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A ſalvage Prince, unpleas'd, tho' abſolute.

Eve. Pleaſe then your ſelf with me, and freely taſte,
Leſt I, without you, ſhould to Godhead haſte;
Leſt diff'ring in degree you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.

Adam. Cheat not your ſelf with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I ſee:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty ſtill, and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice my Life reſign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love was mine.

[*Takes the Fruit, and eats it.*

Eve *embracing him.*] O wond'rous pow'r of matchleſs Love expreſt!
Why was this Trial thine of loving beſt?
I envy thee that Lot; and, could it be,
Would venture ſomething more than Death for thee,
Not that I fear that Death th'Event can prove;
W'are both Immortal, while ſo well we love.

Adam. Whate'er ſhall be th'Event, the Lot is caſt:
Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taſte?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept ſuch;
Th'Offence ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment's too much;
To ſeek ſo ſoon his new made World's decay:
Nor we, nor that, were faſhion'd for a Day.

Eve. Give to the Winds thy fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each other's Will.

Adam. I will, at leaſt defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, ſhall not be nigher brought:
If He will come, let Us to Joys make haſte;
Then let him ſeize Us when our Pleaſures paſt:
We'll take up all before; and Death ſhall find
We have drein'd Life, and left a Void behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. 'Tis done,
Sick Nature, at that inſtant, trembled round;
And Mother-Earth ſigh'd as ſhe felt the Wound.
Of how ſhort durance was this new-made ſtate!
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to ſway.
Heav'n let him rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the ſecond Lot.
This Earth is mine; whoſe Lord I made my Thrall,
Annexing to my Crown his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes my Legions I will lead,
And, o'er the dark'ned Air black Banners ſpread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, ſhall mount above,
And force him to his inmoſt Heav'n's remove.

[*A Clap of Thunder is heard.*

He hears already, and I boast too soon;
I dread that Engine which secur'd his Throne,
I'll dive below his Wrath, into the Deep. [*Sinks down.*
And waste that Empire which I cannot keep.

Raphael *and* Gabriel *descend.*

Raphael. As much of Grief as Happiness admits,
In Heav'n, on each Cœlestial Forehead sits:
Kindness for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliss, and yet not violate.
Their Heavenly Harps a lower Strain began,
And in soft Musick mourn'd the Fall of Man.

Gabriel. I saw th' Angelic Guards from Earth ascend,
(Griev'd they must now no longer Man attend:)
The Beams about their Temples dimly shone,
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
The Etherial People flock'd for News in haste,
Whom they, with down-cast Looks, and scarce saluting past:
While each did, in his pensive Breast, prepare
A sad Account of their successless Care.

Raphael. Th'Eternal yet, in Majesty severe,
And strictest Justice, did mild Pity bear;
Their Death's deferr'd, and Banishment (their Doom)
In Penitence foreseen, leaves Mercy room.

Gabriel. That Message is thy Charge; mine leads me hence,
Plac'd at the Garden's Gate for its Defence,
Lest Man returning, the best Place pollute,
And 'scape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.

Another Clap of Thunder. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *affrighted.*

Adam. In what dark Cavern shall I hide my Head?
Where seek retreat, now Innocence is fled:
Safe in that Guard, I durst ev'n Hell defie;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'ns is nigh.

Eve. What shall we do, or where direct our flight?
Eastward as far as I could cast my Sight,
From op'ning Heavens, I saw descending Light:
Its glittering through the Trees I still behold;
The Cedar-tops seem all to burn with Gold.

Adam. Some Shape Divine, whose Beams I cannot bear!
Would I were hid where Light could not appear,
Deep into some thick Covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the Stars, or Sun:

And

And fenc'd from Day, by Night's Eternal Skreen;
Unknown to Heav'n, and to my self unseen.
Eve. In vain; what hope to shun his piercing Sight,
Who, from dark Chaos, struke the Sparks of Light?
Adam. These should have been your thoughts when parting hence;
You trusted to your guideless Innocence.
See now th'Effects of your own wilful Mind:
Guilt walks before us, Death pursues behind.
So fatal 'twas to seek Temptations out:
Most Confidence has still most cause to doubt.
Eve. Such might have been thy Hap, alone assail'd;
And so, together, might we both have fail'd.
Curs'd Vassalage of all my future Kind:
First idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,
Then Slaves to those who courted us before.
Adam. I counsel'd you to stay; your Pride refus'd:
By your own lawless Will you stand accus'd.
Eve. Have you that Privilege of only Wise,
And would you yield to her you so despise?
You should have shown th' Authority you boast,
And, Sov'reign-like my headlong Will have croft.
Counsel was not enough to sway my Heart;
An absolute Restraint had been your part.
Adam. Ev'n such Returns do they deserve to find,
When force is lawful, who are fondly kind.
Unlike my Love: for when thy Guilt I knew,
I shar'd the Curse which did that Crime pursue.
Hard Fate of Love! which Rigour did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, because 'twas not severe.
Eve. You have, your self, your Kindness over-paid;
He ceases to oblige, who can upbraid.
Adam. On Woman's Virtue, who too much rely,
To boundless Will give boundless Liberty.
Restraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not trusted as your Guard:
And to your selves so left, if Ill ensues,
You first our weak Indulgence will accuse.
Curst be that Hour———————
When fated with my single Happiness,
I chose a Partner to controul my Bliss;
Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
And knows but just enough to disobey.
Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reason void, accountable for none:
Th'unhappiest of Creation is a Wife,
Made lowest, in the highest Rank of Life:

Her

Her Fellow's Slave; to know, and not to chuſe;
Curſt with that Reaſon ſhe muſt never uſe.

Adam. Add, that She's proud, fantaſtick, apt to change;
Uſeleſs at home, and ever prone to range:
With Shows delighted, and ſo vain is She,
She'll meet the Devil, rather than not ſee.
Our wiſe Creator, for this Choires Divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Maſculine.
Ah! why muſt Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpleſs Aid, call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Poſterity no Pairs from you ſhall find,
But ſuch as by miſtake of Love are joyn'd:
The worthieſt Men their Wiſhes ne'er ſhall gain;
But ſee the Slaves they ſcorn, their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite ſhall your Wild Fancies Rule;
Falſe to deſert, and faithful to a Fool.

[*Turns in anger from her, and is going off.*

Eve *kneeling.*] Unkind! wilt thou forſake me in diſtreſs,
For that which now is paſt me to redreſs?
I have miſdone; and I endure the ſmart:
Loth to acknowledge, but more loth to part.
The blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd:
What would you more? I have my ſelf accus'd.
Was plighted Faith ſo weakly ſeal'd above,
That, for one Error, I muſt loſe your Love?
Had you ſo err'd, I ſhould have been more kind,
Than to add pain to an afflicted Mind.

Adam. Y'are grown much humbler than you were before:
I pardon you; but ſee my Face no more.

Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:
Be ſtill diſpleas'd; but let me ſee you ſtill.
Without your much-lov'd Sight, I cannot live:
You more than kill me, if you ſo forgive.
The Beaſts, ſince we are fall'n, their Lord's deſpiſe;
And, paſſing, look at me with glaring Eyes;
Muſt I than wander helpleſs and alone?
You'll pity me too late when I am gone.

Adam. Your Penitence does my Compaſſion move;
As you deſerve it, I may give my Love.

Eve. On me alone let Heav'n's Diſpleaſure fall;
You merit none, and I deſerve it all.

Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! how could you bear a part,
Who bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart?

I was

I was too ſtubborn, thus to make you ſue:
Forgive me, I am more in fault than you.
Return to me, and to my Love return;
And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raphael. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was ſent;
For Sin, I now pronounce thy Puniſhment.
Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require;
Th'All-Good does not his Creatures Death deſire:
Juſtice muſt puniſh the Rebellious Deed:
Yet puniſh ſo, as Pity ſhall exceed.

Adam. I neither can diſpute his Will, nor dare;
Death will diſmiſs me from my future Care,
And lay me ſoftly in my Native Duſt,
To pay the forfeit of ill-manag'd Truſt.

Eve. Why ſeek you Death? Conſider e'er you ſpeak;
The Laws were hard, the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we ſollicite Heav'n to mould our Clay,
From Darkneſs, to produce us to the Day?
Did we concur to Life, or cauſe to be?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it He?
Since 'twas His Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here,
The Laws we did not chuſe, why ſhould we bear?

Adam. Seek not in vain our Maker to accuſe:
Terms were propos'd; Power left us to refuſe.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's Free-will,
And ſhall we murmur to endure the Ill?
Should we a Rebel-Son's Excuſe receive,
Becauſe he was begot without his leave?
Heav'n's Right in us is more; firſt, form'd to ſerve;
The Good we merit not, the Ill deſerve.

Raphael. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverſe the Doom:
But, for your Crime, th'Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer ſhall remain.
Hence to the lower World you are exil'd:
This Place, with Crimes, ſhall be no more defil'd.

Eve. Muſt we this bliſsful Paradiſe forego?

Raphael. Your Lot muſt be where Thorns and Thiſtles grow
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at firſt;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curſt:

To Adam. By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food ſhalt eat,
And know not Plenty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curſe, of future Wives abhorr'd,
Shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord:

And HE shall Rule, and she in Thraldom live;
Desiring more of Love than Man can give.

Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuse,
And could sustain this Paradise to lose
The Bliss; but not the Place; here could I say,
Heav'ns winged Messenger did pass the Day;
Under this Pine the glorious Angel staid:
Then show my wond'ring Progeny the Shade.
In Woods and Lawns where-e'er thou didst appear,
Each Place some Monument of thee should bear.
I, with green Turfs, would grateful Altars raise,
And Heav'n, with Gums and offer'd Incense praise.

Raphael. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th'Eternal Mind
Acts through all Places, is to none confin'd;
Fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
And through the Universal Mass does move,
Thou canst be no where distant: Yet this place
Had been thy Kingly Seat; and here thy Race,
From all the Ends of Peopled Earth had come
To rev'rence Thee, and see their Native Home.
Immortal then; now Sickness, Care, and Age,
And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
Thy Crimes have brought, to shorten Mortal Breath,
With all the num'rous Family of Death.

Eve. My Spirits faint, while I these Ills fore-know,
And find my self the sad Occasion too.
But what is Death?

Raphael. In Vision thou shalt see his griesly Face,
The King of Terrors raging in thy Race:
That whilst in future Fate thou shar'st thy Part,
A kind Remorse, for Sin, may seize thy Heart.

The Scene shifts and discovers Death of several sorts: A Battel at Land, and a Naval Fight.

Adam. O wretched Off-spring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders first;
And, for those Sins they could not shun, accurst.

Eve. Why is Life forc'd? No Man, who, might he chuse,
Would not accept what he with Pain must lose?
Unknowing, he receives it, and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.

Raphael. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood see,
Decrepit Years, and helpless Infancy:
Those who by lingring Sickness lose their Breath,
And those who by Despair subborn their Death:

See

See you, mad Fools, who for some trivial Right,
For Love, or for mistaken Honour, fight:
See those, more mad, who throw their Lives away
In needless Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each others Provinces they play.
Then, as if Earth too narrow were for Fate,
On open Seas, their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood, they floating Armies bear;
And force imprison'd Winds to bring 'em near.

Eve. Who would the Miseries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but share our Part of Woe:
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And e'er their Birth, behold our Dead appear.

Adam. The Deaths thou show'st are forc'd, and full of Strife;
Cast headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no smooth descent, no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay?

Raphael. There is; but rarely shall that Path be trod,
Which, without Horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching slow,
To distant Fate, by easie Journeys, go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as Ev'ning Sheep,
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.

Adam. So noiseless would I live, such Death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,
And dying, nothing to my self would owe.

Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of lessening Joys, I, by degrees, would waste:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal my self from Life, and melt away.

Raphael. Death you have seen:
How happy they in deathless Pleasures live,
Far more than I can show, or you can see,
Shall crown the blest with Immortality.

Here a Heaven descends, full of Angels and blessed Spirits, with soft Musick; a Song and Chorus.

Adam. O Goodness infinite! whose Heav'nly Will
Can so much Good produce, from so much Ill!
Happy their state!
Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy sincere, and with no sorrow mixt,
Eternity stands permanent, and fixt,

And

And Wheels no longer on the Poles of Time;
Secure from Fate, and more secure from Crime.

Eve. Raviſh'd with Joy, I can but half repent
The Sin, which Heav'n makes happy in th'Event.

Raphael. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ill:
For, ſee the Guards from yon' far Eaſtern Hill
Already move, nor longer ſtay afford;
High in the Air they wave their flaming Sword,
Your Signal to depart: Now down amain
They drive, and glide like Meteors through the Plain.

Adam. Then farewel all; I will indulgent be
To mine own eaſe, and not look back to ſee.
When what we love we ne'er muſt meet again;
To loſe the Thought, is to remove the Pain.

Eve. Farewel, you happy Shades,
Where Angels firſt ſhould practiſe Hymns, and ſtring
Their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n woo'd ſing.
Farewel, you Flow'rs, whoſe Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the cheerful Sun did rear:
Who now ſhall bind your Stems, or when you fall
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?
A long farewel to thee, my Nuptial Bow'r,
Adorn'd with every fair and fragrant Flow'r.
And laſt, farewel, farewel my place of Birth;
I go to wander in the low'r Earth,
As diſtant as I can; for diſpoſſeſt,
Fartheſt from what I once enjoy'd, is beſt.

Raphael. The riſing Winds urge the tempeſtuous Air;
And on their Wings deformed Winter bear:
The Beaſts already feel the Change; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts for defence;
The feebler Herd before the ſtronger run;
For now the War of Nature is begun:
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd your Sin,
For outward *Eden* loſt, find *Paradiſe* within.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.